AN

ODE

On the 28th of *May*,

Being the

ANNIVERSARY-DAY

Of His

MAJESTY'S

HAPPY NATIVITY.

Humbly Inſcribed to

His Moſt Sacred MAJESTY.

By *George Waldron*, late of *Queen's* College, *Oxon.*

Naſcere magne puer! Saturnia Regna gubernans,
Huic Lucina fave, Naſcere magne puer!
Anglia te quoties Regnantem ſperat, & OPTAT,
Natalem celebrant, en! Tria Regna Tuum.

Printed in the Year MDCCXXIII.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

AN

ODE

On the 28th of *May*,

Being the Anniverſary-Day of His Majeſty's Happy Nativity.

GENIUS of Harmony ariſe!
The Muſe with lofty Numbers fire,
Such as ſtruck Nature with Surprize,
When *Orpheus* tun'd his charming Lyre;

Or made the furious Salvage ſtand,
And ſoon his inbred Rage forget,
Sooth'd by divine *Amphion*'s Hand
And tamely couch beneath his Feet.

Let Royal Merit be thy Theme,
Merit unmatch'd by ancient Kings,
The Muſe that ſings Great *GEORGE*'s Fame,
Pregnant with Worth, ſpeaks wond'rous things.

Tell how the youthful Hero ſtood
Undaunted in the doubtful Field,
Careleſs of Life thro' Scenes of Blood,
In Faith, and Fight, both early ſkill'd;

Ambitious (not of vain Applauſe)
To curb the unbelieving Foe:
Engag'd in ſuch a righteous Cauſe,
What Champion unrevong'd could go?

Darling of Men, by Heaven deſign'd
Conſpicuouſly Good, and Great,
Bleſſings adorn his Princely Mind,
Above the common reach of Fate.

When firſt He breath'd this vital Air,
Lucina bleſt the happy Birth,
The Goddeſs ſhew'd uncommon Care,
The Offspring more uncommon Worth.

Prophetic thus, his promis'd Name
To diſtant Empires quickly flew:
Virtues that ſhone from early Fame,
Are ripen'd, *Albion*, ſince for you.

For you, Immortal, Brave *Naſſau*
Unſheath'd his free deciſive Sword;
Juſtice gave Tyranny a Law,
And injur'd Liberty reſtor'd.

For you the manly Hero fought;
After the doubtful Conqueſt won,
Proud of his Actions, juſtly wrought,
Confirm'd the Wonders he begun.

So ſmooth the Path where Virtue guides,
No Task is intricately hard;
Courage and Wiſdom thus ally'd,
Eaſy Succeſs crowns their Reward.

Thus Champions for the ſacred Cauſe
Forſook their Home, to take the Field,
Fought for their God with like Applauſe,
But not in Faith, nor Fight excell'd.

With gen'rous free-born Ardor fir'd,
More to preſerve us, than command,
Superior Care his Mind inſpir'd,
With future Good to bleſs our Land.

When

When (Princely Kindred) *Brunſwick*'s Line
Succeſſor's nam'd to fill the Throne,
As Heirs by Faith: 'tis Right Divine
Debarrs *Pretenders* from the Crown.

Nor from the *Stuart*'s ancient Race
Begins Illuſtrious *Brunſwick*'s Claim,
From Second *Henry*'s Loins we trace
Equal Affinity, and Fame.

Thrice happy *Britain*! thus ſupply'd
With Kindred Kings to bear Command,
Ordain'd by Heaven when firſt ally'd,
No Stranger ſhould encroach your Land.

Thy Actions (like a faithful Friend)
Are eminently juſt and wiſe,
Paternal Mercy you extend,
When Rebels thirſt for Sacrifice.

Immortal Glory crowns your Arms,
True Valour cannot be diſmay'd,
Whilſt thoughtful Zeal your Counſel warms
For *Albion*'s Good, what Prince betray'd?

Conqueſt

Conqueſt to Courage is but due,
And more, where Juſtice makes the Claim;
Virtues ſo great (Dread Sir) in you,
Spring from your Lineage, as your Name.

With conſcious Awe the daring Muſe
Reſumes thy Royal Worth to trace:
How bold her Flight! whilſt ſhe purſues
Apparent Wonders in thy Race.

(Wonders, like thoſe in you appear,
Uncommon Admiration move:
Frowns urge the ſtubborn World to fear,
Where generous Smiles can't charm to Love.)

When ſhe beholds your Royal Heir
With correſpondent Virtue ſhine,
And ſees the happy fruitful Pair;
Bleſt like a freighted ripening Vine,

When ſuch a pleaſing Bloom appears
In him who honours diſtant Coaſts,
And Hopes bud faſter than their Years,
From Branches happy *Britain* boaſts;

My Thoughts in Raptures unconfin'd,
On ſtreams (like theſe) could ever flow;
Shame checks my vain aſpiring Mind,
And tells the Muſe her Flight's too low.

Perfection's for a perfect Pen,
If ſuch a Theme, and Bard there be;
The beſt ſhould ſing the beſt of Men,
As Angels praiſe the Deity.

Preſumptuous Muſe! no more aſpire,
Let Wonder crown thy future Aim,
Unleſs a nobler Heat could fire
Thy loyal Breaſt with equal Flame.

Reſtrain thy great, unfiniſh'd Task,
And Modeſty atrone for Crimes;
One gracious Boon of Heav'n but ask,
A Bleſſing to the lateſt Times:

The Bleſſing we already ſee,
Lineal Succeſſion muſt implore,
Till Time ſinks in Eternity,
Then *GEORGE*'s Race to be no more.

FINIS.